OVER HERE

By CHARLES B. WESTON

CHARLES B. WESTON
5819 FIFTH AVENUE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Over Here.

Words and Music by
CHARLES B. WESTON.

Intro.
Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

Voice.

A moth - er who was bid - ding a fare - well to her boy who was
'Mid flags and ban - ners wav - ing the sol - diers marched a - way to the

go - ing far a - way For he was a gal - lant
mus - ic of the band Nob - ly march - ing off to

sol - dier lad in the U. S. A. When she heard the
face the foe in a for - eign land Lov - ing moth - er

Bu - gle call - ing And he could no long - er stay.
proud - ly wav - ing To her boy she loves so dear.

Copyright MCMXVII by Chas. B. Weston.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.

lov-ing-ly she pressed him to her heart these words to him did say.
and he seemed to hear his moth-ers words a ring-ing in his ear.

Chorus.

Ov-er here, ov-er here we'll be wait-ing for you boy you are fath-er's

p-f

Pride and you are your moth-ers joy go right in and be a He-ro

son nev-er quit un-til the vic-trys won for in home sweet home we

want sweet lib-er-ty Ov-er Here ov-er Here ov-er Here.

1 2

A

TANNY GALLOWAY'S
SONG SENSATION

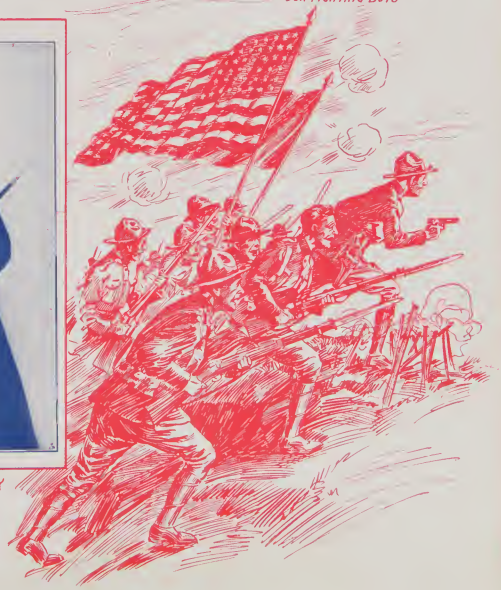
It Takes a "Man" to fight in No Man's Land
And That's the Kind of Man that Comes from

"OVER HERE"

GREATEST MARCH WAR SONG EVER WRITTEN

DEDICATED TO MOTHERS
OF
OUR FIGHTING BOYS

MR. O. T. (TANNY) GALLOWAY



ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Dedicated to Mothers of our Fighting Boys.

"OVER HERE"

Words by
TANNY GALLOWAY.

Music by
TANNY GALLOWAY
and JAMES F. TOPPING.

Moderato Allegro.

'Till ready.

Sol - - diers, Sol - - diers, as far as the eye can see,
Feel - - ing, Steal - - ing, out there in "No - Man's - Land"

Fight - - ing, Fight - - ing, for France and Lib - er - ty,
Eyes bright, Jaws set, ri-fle in ev'- ry hand,

Wound - - ed, Dy - - ing, up-on a bat - tle - field, They
Sad - - dened, Mad - - dened, the thought of a "For - eign foe" They

left their dear old Mother's side, The Stars and Stripes to shield.
left this land of Lib-er - ty, From Mother and Home to go.

Copyright MCMXVIII by Oscar T. Galloway

International Copyright secured.

CHORUS.

1. "Ov-er here" — "Ov-er here" — There's a mil-lion Mothers "Ov-er here" — A
2. "Ov-er here" — "Ov-er here" — There's a mil-lion Mothers "Ov-er here" — A
3. "Ov-er here" — "Ov-er here" — Mister Wilson is waiting "Ov-er here" — Wil-

mil-lion Mothers and Sweethearts true, Wives and Sisters and Brothers too, "Ov-er
mil-lion Mothers and Sweethearts true, Wives and Sisters and Brothers too, "Ov-er
son is wait-ing the "Na-tion" too, For our Soldiers and Sail-ors true, "Ov-er

here" — "Ov-er here" — We'll be wait-ing for you "Ov-er here" — When your
here" — "Ov-er here" — We'll be wait-ing for you "Ov-er here" — For it
here" — "Ov-er here" — We are pray-ing for you "Ov-er here" — When your

1. 2. 3.

"Ri-fle spits" be sure it makes a "Hit" For we'll all be wait-ing for you "Ov-er here" "Ov-er
takes a "Man" to fight in "No man's land" That's the "Kind of man" that comes from "Ov-er here" "Ov-er here"
ships "Come home" from far across the foam, There's a hundred million to greet you "Ov-er here."

OVER HERE

MARCH SONG

Words and Music by

MALISSIA CRUDUP

PUBLISHED BY MALISSIA CRUDUP,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OVER HERE

MARCH SONG

MALISSIA CRUDUP

f

Gen'-ral Pershing's vic - t'ry band, Is march-ing thru the land,
Once a band came o - ver here, And tried to beat us play,

Lawd - y the mus - ic sounds so sweet, Folks are danc - ing on the street, The
And when we played my coun - try We just beat the band a - way, We

mu - sic makes the dea - con prance, The mus - ic makes the good folks dance.
beat the bands all o - ver here, We beat the bands all o - ver there.

Copyright MCMXIX by Malissia Crudup
International Copyright Secured

Ev' - ry heart is filled with cheer, The vic - t'ry band is march - ing here,
Kai - ser Bill threw up his hand, To us the best band in the land,

CHORUS

O - ver here yes o - ver here, We beat the bands all o - ver there.
Gen' - ral Persh - ings vic - t'ry band, We beat the bands in all the land.

When we played in France, The Huns they did - n't have a chance
When we played in the Trench, Why ev' - ry hun yield to the French

When the band be - gan to play The Ger - man band they ran a - way, Where
The day that we won the prize Old Kai - ser Bill we tan - ta - lized, Old

ev - er old glo - ry is un - furled, We'll beat the best band in the world.
Bill he knew that he could - n't stand, Old Glo - ry the vic - to - ry band.